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me to try to shoot it. When travelling among the mountains, I always, at first, carried a big horse-pistol with me in case of meeting with a bear. Penri knew this. Hence his request. Well, I did not in the least expect to hit the bird, but there was a "sporting chance" for me. I fired, and lo, down came Mr. Crow, "dead as a door nail" and shot clean through the body. The old man was delighted. Going on farther we saw another, which he also asked me to kill. But, as I had thus unexpectedly won my laurels, I could not risk losing any *kudos* I had gained, by a miss. So I said, "No. You have seen what you have seen, let it suffice." And so we passed on and the poor bird was let off a scare at least. But, lo! The next morning I found myself with a tremendous reputation. I was a mighty Nimrod who never missed his mark!

All the furniture I had in the chief's hut was just one empty whisky (*sake*) barrel which I used for a seat. I did not empty it, however. That had already been done by Penri and his friends before I appeared upon the scene. As for my bed, it consisted of a few planks placed on an upraised frame and covered with a fine bearskin. For bed curtains I had home-made mats hung up round me. But, alas, my bed-fellows must have been in their millions. On getting up one warm spring morning, I found myself completely covered with red pimples and was afraid, by the feel of it, that I had contracted measles, prickly heat or some kindred complaint. So, singing out for the chief, I showed him my body and asked him what he thought was the matter with me. He comforted me by saying, "It is a mere nothing. Just flea-bites." Thus feeling comforted but not comfortable, I let it go at that, for Penri was a man of experience in such matters and knew. Since that one good inoculation, I have never been troubled over-much by these creatures.

A long time after this, when I was talking to another friend about these creatures, he told me they

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were not at all bad and we ought to bear with them in patience and not rage about them. "For," said he, "consider their origin. They came down from above and so are really heavenly insects." "But how so?" I inquired, and he replied by citing the following story about their descent to this earth. "In the beginning fleas dwelt upon the body of the god of thunder; and as the body of this god itched very much one day, he scratched it and shook himself. Then many fleas dropped upon this earth, where they now dwell. And so it always happens that whenever it thunders these insects hop about much and are very lively."

Think of this, reader! Wonders will never cease! I had got thus far with my writing when I picked up a Japanese newspaper in which I was informed that some local authority in the south of Japan would pay two rin for every flea caught and taken in to the proper authority. This means, say, one farthing for five fleas. They should apply to the god of thunder, surely, and so make certain of a good paying living.

For food, as I had brought nothing with me, the chief's wife fed me on millet (for she had no rice), potatoes, cabbage stew, beans and what I could procure with my gun. There was no meat to be had, and the village had no chickens at all, so that eggs were not procurable. Now and again I got a piece of salmon, but this had to be eaten almost in secret, as the people were not then allowed to catch fish in the river. Once I got a small bit of dried venison, which was so tough that I could only make soup of it. But it was very good. Deer killing had been forbidden, as these animals were becoming scarce, so that I had to eat it "on the sly." One day the chief managed to get me a couple of hen's eggs from somewhere. On handing them to his wife to cook for me I saw that she wrapped each up in a big leaf, gave them a sharp tap on one end, and then put them in the hot ashes on the hearth. After a time she poked them out with the fire tongs,

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up-throat,' that is 'hollow. They are so named, he said, because they resemble the human throat, being hollow. Continuing our conversation, I got hold of a quite new and interesting phrase. It was, *iwen kut kore guru*, which, being interpreted, is "a person with six throats." When it is remembered that six is the perfect number among this race, one is not at all surprised to learn that the phrase is intended to designate "a perfect liar." I listened to this, wondered, and was much amused.

Having one evening reached a certain village, I lodged with the chief, an old friend with whom I had stayed many times before. About midnight a cat began to caterwaul atrociously just outside the reed wall, close to my head. Sleep I could not. At last, in despair, I roared out to no one in particular, "Oh, do shoot that cat!" Shortly afterwards there came a terrific 'bang' not far from my ears, just outside the hut. The poor cat had met with an accident from which it never recovered. The chief had shot it! Thenceforth I was very careful as to what orders I gave the people.

I had a plate with three artificial teeth to it. Those teeth were resting in a cup of water by my side, as it happened, in the same hut as that in which the cat incident occurred. In the morning, when I awoke, both water and teeth were gone and neither I nor my man could find them. That same afternoon the chief came up to our stopping place a few villages away, mysteriously carrying something carefully in his hand, wrapped up in a leaf. Said he, "I think this must be yours, Sir." I took the leaf and there were the missing teeth nestling inside. "Where did you get these from?" I asked. "Oh," he replied, "I found them close to a rat hole near where you slept last night."

At a village in which we spent the night among well-known friends, a little girl brought me a nice tray of boiled chestnuts as a present from her mother. Their jackets had been taken off, so that we were able